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The Life and Love of Joe Coogan

Paul Salerni
Lehigh University

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FULL SCORE

THE LIFE AND LOVE OF JOE COOGAN
One-Act Opera in Seven Scenes

Libretto by KATE LIGHT
Music by PAUL SALERNI

Adapted from the Dick Van Dyke Show TV script
“The Life and Love of Joe Coogan” by Carl Reiner

Cast:

Laura Petrie, soprano: Married to Rob Petrie
Millie Helper, soprano: Laura’s next-door neighbor
and best friend
Sally Rogers, mezzo-soprano: Writer for the Alan
Brady TV Show
Buddy Sorrell, tenor: Writer for the Alan Brady
Show
Rob Petrie, baritone: Head writer for the Alan
Brady Show
Joe Coogan, baritone: A priest and Laura’s former
boyfriend
Mel Cooley, bass-baritone: Producer of the Alan
Brady TV Show
Waiter: Speaking part

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**Instrumentation:**

Alto Saxophone  
Trumpet  
Trombone  
Percussion  
*(Vibraphone, Xylophone, Marimba, Triangle, Sand Blocks, Woodblock, Trap Set)*  
Piano  
2 Violins  
Viola  
Violoncello  
Contrabass

The opera takes place in the early 1960’s in New York City and New Rochelle, New York

Scene 1: A Golf Course and its Clubhouse *(Buddy, Mel, Rob, Joe, Waiter)*  
Scene 2: The Petries’ Living Room *(Laura and Rob)*  
Scene 3: The Petries’ Living Room *(Laura and Millie)*  
Scene 4: The Golf Course Clubhouse *(Laura, Millie, and Joe)*  
Scene 5: The Writer’s Room for the Alan Brady Show/The Petries’ Living Room *(Sally, Buddy, Rob, Laura, Millie, Mel)*  
Scene 6: The Petries’ Living Room *(Laura, Joe, Rob, Sally)*  
Scene 7: The Petries’ Living Room *(Laura and Rob)*

**Performance notes:**

The number of strings is the minimum. More can be added at the discretion of the conductor.

The typewriter part in Scene 5 can be played onstage or can be played in the pit. If it is played in the pit, the person playing the Waiter, assuming they are musical, can perform this part. A manual typewriter should be used and may need some slight amplification.
Scene 1: A Public Golf Course and Clubhouse

(Buddy, Mel, Rob, Joe, Waiter)

(Lights up.)

Rob enters.

Buddy and Mel (offstage): Rob!

(Mel and Buddy enter.)

Buddy and Mel: Rob!
Alto Sax.
C Tpt.
Tbn.
Xyl.
Pno.
Vln. 1
Vln. 2
Vla.
Vc.

Mel: This was a bad idea! Whose idea was this anyway?

Mel: I've had way too many insults from this no-talent bum......
Buddy: How'm I gonna play? The sun gleaming off his bald head is blinding me! Mel: Rob!
Buddy: Rob! Yeah, It's so distracting just to look at him-- he's like a great big golf ball coming at ya from the sky. Rob: Will you two knock it off? For crying out loud,
20

you'd think you could get along for one little day.. Hey, if you two don't stop bickering, I don't even wanna play. Mel: Yeah, well, tell it to this guy!

(Mel and Buddy continue bickering.)
Alto Sax.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Xyl.

Pno.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Ve.

Buddy: Tell it to that guy! Joe: You men looking for a fourth? Rob: You bet! Mel and Buddy: You bet! Rob: Great, we're all set. Joe: What a gorgeous day!

( Joe Coogan enters.)
Rob, Mel, Buddy: Un-huh. Let's play!  Joe: Let's play!  Buddy: It's a great day to be out on the course.
And it's great to get a way.

But we

And it's great to get a way.

Not that we don't love the things we do...
So hey... Let's love not doing them, too! Let's

\[ \text{poco rit.} \]

\[ \text{pp} \]

\[ \text{p} \]

\[ \text{let's} \]

\[ \text{let's} \]

\[ \text{let's} \]

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\[ \text{let's} \]

\[ \text{let's} \]

\[ \text{let's} \]

\[ \text{let's} \]

\[ \text{let's} \]

\[ \text{let's} \]

\[ \text{let's} \]
Scene 1 Continues

L'istesso tempo

(as the game progresses, the men are peasantly surprised.)

[Music notation]

No slice.

No hook.

It's unusual for me to play a round with no hook.

No dub.

No shank.

L'istesso tempo
It's unusual. It's unusual that at the office I will always pick on al. It's unusual. It's unusual.
It's usual that Bud dy turns my scalp into a show and tell.

here on the golf course, I don't seem to want to be unkind.

But
here on the golf course, Bud's bawdy jokes are left behind with my Buddy Rob. Mel Pno. Vl. Vc. Db.

No mf slice. It's unusual for me to play a round with no slice. It's unusual for me to play a round with no slice.

No hook. It's unusual for me to play a round with no hook.
It's usual for me to play a round with no hook.

It's unusual for me to play a round with no dub.

It's unusual for me to play a round with no shank.

No shank.

Pizz.

Db.

Vc.

Vla.

Pno.

Joe

Mel

Rob

Buddy

Xyl.

Tbn.

Alto Sax.

No slice. It's unusual for me to play a round with no hook.

It's unusual for me to play a round with no dub.

No shank.

No dubs. It's unusual for me to play a round with no dub.

It's usual for me to play a round with no shank.

No shank.

mf cresc. poco a poco

mf cresc. poco a poco

mf cresc. poco a poco
Alto Sax.

Vln. 1

Pno.

Mel

Db.

Vc.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Xyl.

Buddy

Rob

Joe

Mel

pizz.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

un - su - al.
No hook.

un - su - al for me to play a round with no slice.

un - su - al.

un - su - al for me to play a round with no shank.

un - su - al.

un - su - al.

un - su - al.

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un - su - al.

un - su - al.
Alto Sax.
C Tpt.
Tbn.
Xyl.
Buddy
Rob
Joe
Mel
Pno.
Vln. 1
Vln. 2
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

It's unusual. It's unusual! Round with no hook. It's unusual! It's unusual for me. It's unusual! It's unusual!
No cracks. No cracks. No slice. No hook, no shank, no dubs!

Nice guy. No hook. No hook, no shank, no dubs!

Nice friends. Nice friends. No slice. No hook, no shank, no dubs!

No flak. No shank. No hook, no shank, no dubs!

No flak. No shank. No hook, no shank, no dubs!
It's unusual!
I don't know what the reason for it is, but that's the most pleasant eighteen holes of golf I've ever played.
we advanced at least one grade.

Rob, when you first in

vi - ted me to play with you and Bud - dy, I got - ta ad - mit I had big qualms, big qualms...

poco rit. A tempo allargando

pizz.
You've still got 'em, but if you zip up your zipper, no -

Bo - dy will no - tice.

Bud - dy, you promised to hon - or the truce till we
ROB: Would you believe that, Joe? That’s the first time I ever saw Buddy apologize to Mel.

JOE: Well, it’s a privilege to be here for the occasion. Say, I wanna thank you for letting me join you today.

ROB: It was our pleasure, Joe. I think you were the stabilizing influence here. When you next coming out our way?

JOE: I’m gonna try to sneak away for a couple of hours next Friday somehow.
Buddy

Mel

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

Ad lib.

Come on, Mel

promised my wife I'd be home by five. It's almost that now.

I'll drive you home.

Then drive me home!

I brought my own car.
If took a bus!

Mel:

All right, but no cracks about...

(point to his bald head)

Pno:

A ny bo dy who's dri - ving a car that con - tains my bo - dy.
Buddy

Mel

Pno.

Vln. 1

Vla.

Vc.

143

A tempo poco rit.

rit.

Ask any bald headed cab driver in New York.

Is that a guarantee?

A tempo poco rit.

A tempo

mf

I enjoyed the game... Hey!

My pleasure.

All right, come on. Good meeting you, Joe.

A tempo

mf

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.
What is that bit?

Just so you won’t be tempted.

All (baldy jokes are now preempted!

(Buddy and Mel exit; Joe and Rob enter the clubhouse.)
ROB: Well, Joe, how 'bout a cup of coffee?
JOE: Love one. Do you have time?
ROB: I am on a five-hour pass. My wife happens to be a doll.
(To waiter) Can we have a couple of cups of coffee over here?
JOE: Your wife doesn't mind you having fun without her, eh?
ROB: No. As a matter of fact, getting me out of the house this morning was more for her enjoyment
than it was for mine; I was pretty surly.
JOE: Yeah, golf has a way of relaxing people.
ROB: Yeah, especially when you shoot an eighty-five! (Waiter brings coffee.)
Laura does know me pretty well; she seems to know what'll make me happy.
JOE: You're a lucky guy!
ROB: Yeah. I picked me a good one all right.
JOE: Well, here's to your wife! (They toast with coffee cups.)
ROB: Thank you!
JOE: Laura, was it?
ROB: Yeah, Laura! (Rises cup.) Hey, how's about let's drink to your wife!
JOE: I'm afraid we can't. I don't have a wife.
ROB: That's a coincidence!
JOE: Sure is! I was in college at the time. I never knew I could write poetry until then.
ROB: Really inspired you, huh?
JOE: I spent all my time writing sonnets and sending them to her.
ROB: (Chuckles) I wrote some poems to my Laura. Well, not poems really; kind of more like...songs.
Have I told you that you're the sweetest gal to see?
What on earth is in store a love sick guy like me? When I
Laura, ador able Laura, Laura, ador able Laura,
Alto Sax.

C Tpt.

Perc.

Rob

Joe

Pno.

Db.

met you,

Come to think of it,

I recall a few lines of my sonnets, too.

Might sound a little old-fashioned...
How did it go?
(sung) "What more..."

Laura, ador-a-ble Laura, Laura,
a-dorable Laura, What on earth is in store for a love-sick guy like me?

What more could I wish for than for

more...
Well, if you've met Laura, then you know she's the brightest star in the
moonlight's glow.
And though you know
Joe
and in the sun's bright rays, the sun's bright rays...

Pno.
I'm not the greatest explorer, I'll cross the stormiest sea to...
Rob: Bring back my Laura, for me, for me, for me!

Joe: Laura, adorable Laura,

Pno.: What more...
Laura, a dor-a-ble Laura,
What on earth is in store for a love-sick guy

What more...
What more could I wish for

Alto Sax.
C Tpt.
Tbn.
Perc.
Rob
Joe
Vln. 1
Vln. 2
Vla.
Vc.
Db.
(Buddy and Mel exit; Joe and Rob enter the clubhouse.)

Rob: love sick guy a love sick guy like me?"

Joe: than for thee?"
JOE: Maybe Shakespeare was wrong. Maybe there is something in a name.
ROB: Have you ever noticed how many heroines in the movies and television and books are named Laura?
JOE: That’s true, isn’t it.
ROB: Yeah. Whatever happened to your Laura?
JOE: She ran off and got married.
ROB: You mean just like that?
JOE: Well, not exactly. She joined a USO troupe to entertain servicemen. She was a dancer.
ROB: Taken aback—it’s the same LAURA. A dancer?
JOE: Yeah, last time I heard, she wrote and told me about this sargeant she met in some camp in Missouri.
ROB: Uh... uh... I don’t know. Whatever happened to her?
JOE: She joined a USO troupe to entertain servicemen. She was a dancer.
ROB: Taken aback—it’s the same LAURA. A dancer?
JOE: Yeah, last time I heard, she wrote and told me about this sargeant she met in some camp in Missouri.
ROB: Taken aback—it’s the same LAURA. A dancer?
JOE: Yeah, last time I heard, she wrote and told me about this sargeant she met in some camp in Missouri.
ROB: (Taken aback—it’s the same LAURA. A dancer?)
JOE: Yeah, last time I heard, she wrote and told me about this sargeant she met in some camp in Missouri.
ROB: Uh... uh... I don’t know.
JOE: I think that was it! I assume she married him; I haven’t heard from her since.
ROB: (Obviously uncomfortable) Well, that’s... that’s amazing.
JOE: Is it?
ROB: You... you’re not still carrying a torch for her or anything, are ya?
JOE: No, no, nothing like that. Would you care for anything else?
ROB: No, I think I’ve gotta go.
JOE: I have to be running too. Will you be playing again soon?
ROB: Uh... uh... I don’t know.
JOE: I’ll be out here Friday afternoon at about 3:30.
ROB: 3:30. If I can, I will.
(Shakes hands.)
JOE: Good!
ROB: Thanks for the coffee, Joe.
JOE: You’re welcome, Rob. (ROB exits)
WAITER: He called you Joe!
JOE: (Reaching into his pocket for money) Well, that’s my name.
WAITER: I know, but it sounds funny to hear someone call you that.
JOE: Some people can’t play their regular game when they know who I am.
WAITER: You mean they can’t cheat when they know.
JOE: Well, let’s just say they become inhibited when they know I’m a priest. (Smiles)
Scene 2: Rob and Laura Petries Living Room in New Rochelle, later that day.

(Laura, Rob)

Andante; Recitativo

Laura

Here in this house, here by the table, thinking of a joke he made, I just have to smile.

Contrabass

think of my husband’s special style, and how every little kindness gets repaid.

Recitativo

Andante; q=60

Laura

There is nothing every day about it, living with him every day. Each day when he comes.

Arietta; Tenoroso

Vla. 1

Vla. 2

Vla.

Vc.

Ch.

home to me is new in some new way. All that I could want is in this little house,

B

Vla. 1

Vla. 2

Vla.

Vc.

Ch.
Laura: 

"...every thing that I was hop ing for. For ev er af ter... love and laug her!"

Vln. 1:

"How could I wish for more? My life might be ma na ger i al when he's bu sy writ ing new ma..."

Piano:

"...ter i al. You cert ain ly get to live un com mon ly when your hus band writes for..."
Laura

come dy.  

P There is nothing every day about it, living with him every day. Each

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Laura

day when he comes home to me is new in some new way. I still love to make his dinner and wait for

Vla. 1

Vla. 2

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

There D

no bout

pizz. it,

love
to

ner

D tempo

–60

poì mosso

–70
Mar. 48
Laura

him to come back home. I make a joke or two myself sometimes, though my jokes are for him a

Vla. 53

Tbn. mf

lone. Can you believe my good life? I'm so happy to have a husband that I never doubt, and

Vla. 1

Vla. mf

p cresc.

Vla.

p cresc.

Vc. p
cresc.

Ch. p cresc.
that I don't e-ver want to spend a
day with-out... And still I can't be-lieve my for-tune, I pinch-my self and then I say:

"There is no-thing e-v'ry day a-bout it, dar-ling," I love you, dar-ling, e-v'ry day,

C Tpt.
Tbn.
Mar.

Laura

Vln. 1
Vln. 2
Vla.
Vc.
Ch.

Tempo primo

poco meno mosso

rit.

\[ \text{Tpt. Tbn. Mar. Laura Vln. 1 Vln. 2 Vla. Vc. Ch.} \]
(ROB enters.)

LAURA: Hi, Darling! How'd you do today?
ROB: Just, just fine.
LAURA: Ok, tell me all about the three-inch putt you missed.
ROB: Well, I had a great day, honey, I shot eight-five and I missed a hole-in-one by about like that.
LAURA: Well, how come you’re not twice as happy?
ROB: Well, I am, I am.
LAURA: Darling, something the matter?
ROB: Well, I’m a little tired, I guess.
LAURA: No, that’s not it...
ROB: What do you mean that’s not it; I oughtta know if I’m tired or not!
LAURA: Darling, are you nervous about something?
ROB: What have I got to be nervous about? I got a Bogey and some pars and I got one birdy.
LAURA: Well, I don’t know, but darling, you have the strangest attitude! Oh, well, I’ll put dinner on.

(ROB enters.)
Laura: Did you say? Rob: I said... How come you never told me about Joe Cogan?

Laura: I didn’t! You found the shoe-box!

Rob: I didn’t what?

ff  The shoe-box!

ff  The shoe-box!

Laura: Ad lib.

Rob: ff  The shoe-box!

Laura: Ad lib.

Rob: ff  The shoe-box!
Laura

Rob, don't play innocent with me!

I don't know what you're talking about. I don't know

Oh, you weren't down in the basement this

a-bout a-ny shoe-box!

You found it and you

Well, sure, I went to get my golf clubs... A shoe box?

Laura, have you got a shoe box full of love sonnets hidden down

rit.
Laura: Aha! Sooo... you didn't know anything about the shoebox, huh?
Rob: No, I didn’t.

Laura: In it? Oh, really! Do you assume that all
Rob: I didn’t know, I just assumed.

Laura: Well then, how did you know about the sonnets
Rob: there?

Laura: About the shoebox, huh?
Rob: I didn’t know, I just assumed.
shoe-boxes have sonnets in them? Oh, Rob, how could you? You know what! Those are my

How could I what?

per-sonal sonnets in my per-sonal shoe-box.

Honey, I didn't read your personal sonnets and I didn't
Then how did you know, how did you know?

Rob: see your personal shoe box.

Laura: I met your personal
Laura: Where? I don’t believe it. Well, it’s poet! At the golf course. What’s so hard to believe about it?

Laura: just hard to believe that any one would go around telling some one’s husband that he
Laura
wrote love sonnets for his wife!

Rob
He didn’t happen to know that I was your

Vla. 1
p

Vla. 2
p

Vla.
p

Vc.
p

Cb.
p

Laura
Well, who did he think you were?

Rob
husband.

Vla.

ROB: Just another golfer, that’s all.
LAURA: You mean he goes around telling strange golfers that he wrote sonnets to me?
ROB: I’m not so strange!...and I just happened to mention your name that’s all.
If you don’t believe me, you go down there next Friday afternoon at 3:30 and check for yourself.
LAURA: You made a date to play golf with him again?
ROB: No, he tried to make one with me. But I just didn’t happen to feel like giving him a progress report on our marriage.
LAURA: Well, I just don’t know what to say!
ROB: Neither do I.

Ad lib.

Laura
about the shoe box...

Rob
(play)

Vc.

Laura
I apologize.

Vc.
ROB: And...just in case you’re interested, he didn’t happen to get fat. He’s still pretty charming and handsome. I don’t think it’s any coincidence he ran into me on the second tee this afternoon.
LAURA: Rob, you couldn’t mean...
ROB: Well, he could have easily have arranged it!
LAURA: Rob, darling, please forgive me for saying that you read the sonnets.
ROB: I forgive you for that.
LAURA: Well, darling, please understand why I thought you read them.
ROB: I understand that!
LAURA: Well, what don’t you understand?
Laura

Rob

They're not hidden in the basement.

love sonnets hidden down in her basement.

I didn't see any shoe-box down there.

Well, you're just not very observant, that's all, 'cause they're...
'cause they're lying right there. By the furnace...

Where? There's no shoebox by that furnace.
Laura: Well, they're there, they're there...

Rob: Behind some loose bricks?

Laura: Rob, would it make you happy if I burn them? Is that what you want?
Just say the word, dear, and I'll burn them.

No sir. No sir. No sir. No sir.

Burn them. Burn them. Burn them! Burn them!

f

pizz. arco cresc.
Laura: Not if you're going to take that attitude!

Rob: ff Burn them!
Scene 3: Rob and Laura's Living Room, the next day
(Laura, Millie)

(Laura throws shoebox down on table.)

I'm through shoeboxes down on table.

(Laura throws shoebox down on table.)

Piano

Laura

f I should have thrown them away the day that I got married.

f I should have thrown them away the day that I got married.

Piano

Laura

p I wouldn't mind if I opened this up and read a couple of them, would ya?

p I wouldn't mind if I opened this up and read a couple of them, would ya?

Vc.

Viola

p I certainly would!

p I certainly would!

Vc.

p Well, may be later?

p Well, may be later?

Vc.

p I'm not going to tell you what Sadie Stein said about your hair!

p I'm not going to tell you what Sadie Stein said about your hair!

Vc.

p She thinks it's a wig.

p She thinks it's a wig.
Listen, if these were my love poems and they made my husband crazy jealous, I'd keep them.

There's nothing worse than a complacent husband...

Oh, Millie... You wouldn't say that if you'd seen Rob. He was so hurt... I just was wrong to keep these! A person should get rid of things like this when a
Laura: person gets married. Millice, what's the real reason I kept these? Why didn't I drop them in the trash outside instead of bringing them in here?

I don't know, why?
Scherzando, ma non troppo

Laura

They wrote me love letters and things like that; now why didn't I keep theirs?

Well, may be that's why.
Because why? Well, then why'd you say "be-cause"

cause... I don't know... Well, I didn't say "be-cause" because I knew why.

I said "be-cause" to give you a kind of a springboard to finish. You didn't keep any love letters except Joe Coogan's be-

...Because I never really felt this chapter in my life was closed? Or, what?

I'll accept that; Or...
That could be it!

I don't know, I was giving you another springboard. Or...

He wrote me these beautiful love sonnets and I answered him with nice chat-ty lit-tle notes a-

poco rit.

Allegretto

Allegro

about what mov-ies I had seen. I mean, I ne-ver told him I was leav-ing town to join the
Because I was afraid he was going to ask me to marry him... and...?
It's true!

Well, that I can't accept.

Well, then, I'll accept it!

Oh, Millie, I don't know why I kept 'em, but what am I gonna do?

About the sonnets, Joe Coogan, my husband, my guilt…
LAURA: Oh, Millie, it’s no joke!

MILLIE: Who’s joking? It’s the only way you’ll get rid of your guilt, by seeing him again.

Then you’ll find out all the reasons why you didn’t find him as attractive as your husband.

LAURA: Millie, that’s a terrible idea.

MILLIE: Au contraire. As a matter of fact, after spending an evening with him, you’ll probably wonder why you ever bothered keeping those poems in the first place!

In the tempo of the upcoming Presto

LAURA: Oh, Millie, you are so wrong. Oh, boy are you wrong. But even if you weren’t,
which you are, you are dead wrong, what am I supposed to do, sneak down to the golf course and then accidentally bump into him? Okay!

Yeah.

But only to show you that you are wrong, you are wrong,

Yeah!

But only to show you that you are wrong, you are wrong,

Yeah!

But only to show you that you are wrong, you are wrong,

Yeah!

But only to show you that you are wrong, you are wrong,

Yeah!

But only to show you that you are wrong, you are wrong,
wrong! You are wrong, you are wrong. Mil - lie, Mil - lie, you're wrong, you are

wrong, you are wrong, wrong, wrong!

Au con - traire, Lau - ra, au con - traire, Lau - ra,
138

Alto Sax.
Tbn.
Laura
Millie
Vln. 1
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

p
f

138

au con-traire.

Really, Millie, you are so wrong.

144

Alto Sax.
Tbn.
Laura
Millie
Vln. 1
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

p

xylophone

Sil-ly Millie, you
to the golf course will clear the air.

p
You are so wrong. You are wrong. You are wrong. You are wrong. Mil - lie,
wrong, really Mil lie, you are wrong!
You are silly, really silly Mil lie.
Go see Joe, and then you can compare.

mf  Au con -
You are wrong, silly. But you're trairé, go see him and compare. – Au contraire. And I'm not silly.

mf cresc. poco a poco
wrong! Really wrong! You are wrong, you are wrong, you are wrong, Millie,

That's not fair! Au contraire. Au contraire!

Oh,
Mil·lie, you are wrong, you are wrong, wrong! You are wrong, you are wrong, you are wrong.

Laura, come with me and let's go see and compare!
Alto Sax.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Xyl.

Laura

Millie

Oh, Laura, keep your husband, get rid of your guilt, Come with me, come with
wrong!

Wrong, wrong, wrong!

me, and we'll see, yes, we'll see, come with me and we'll compare!
Scene 4: The Golf Course Clubhouse, a few days later

(Laura, Millie, Joe)
(Laura and Millie enter dressed to play golf.)

LAURA: Boy, this is the stupidest idea in the whole world, and I'm going home!

MILLIE: Without finding out why you kept those sonnets all these years and why you didn't burn them when Rob told you to?

LAURA: I know why I kept them; I kept them because they're beautiful and I didn't burn them because I consider them literature and I'm against any form of book-burning; now let's go home.

MILLIE: Now wait a minute, we're all dressed to play golf and we're here on a golf course, so why don't we just play a little golf?

LAURA: Because I decided I don't want to see Joe Coogan again! I'm going home.

(Turns to go, and bumps smack into JOE in priest attire. They apologize simultaneously.)

JOE: I beg your pardon, I'm awfully sorry...

MILLIE: Well, of course he is, he's a priest, who would you think...Oh my goodness...

LAURA: I'm sorry, Father, I didn't see...

JOE: I beg your pardon, I'm awfully sorry...

LAURA: I'm sorry, Father, I didn't see... (Realizing) Are you who I think you are?

MILLIE: Well, of course he is, he's a priest, who would you think...Oh my goodness...

LAURA: Joe? JOE: Laura?

LAURA: Father Joe, Joe Coogan?

JOE: How wonderful to see you again, Laura!

LAURA: Well, it's wonderful to see you too! Well, what have you been doing? Oh...(laughs)

OH, um, I'd like you meet my friend Mildred Helper. Mildred, this is friend Joe, my father Joe, Joe Coogan. Mildred Helper.

JOE: Nice to meet you, Mildred. Well, how've you been, Laura?

LAURA: Fine; I assume you have a family by now?

JOE: So would I! I'd like to meet your husband, your family.

LAURA: Oh, well, we'd love that. Would you like to have dinner tonight, or...?

JOE: Tonight?

LAURA: Oh, we'll love that. Would you like to have dinner tonight, or...?

JOE: Tonight!

LAURA: Well, the next day, any time you say!

JOE: I may be free tonight.

LAURA: Oh, wonderful. Good, Millie, do you have a piece of fish, I mean a piece of paper, well, uh, fish, 'cause you're a Friday! Do you?

MILLIE: Yeah, right.

JOE: Say, you know; this really is a coincidence!

LAURA: What is?

JOE: Well, I was talking about you just the other day, right here in this room!

LAURA: I even mentioned the sonnets I used to write to you. You remember?

JOE: I may be free tonight.

LAURA: The sonnets? Oh, the sonnets! Of course I remember the sonnets. Millie, uh, do you have a...

(fade-out on LAURA, MILLIE, lights stay up on JOE.)
fuse. A man makes his choices to last. The girl you thought your future becomes your past. And there's so much a man's still learning, when a man is older, so many kinds of

A tempo

A tempo

A tempo

A tempo

A tempo

A tempo
beauty in the eyes of the world's beholder. A man makes choices to last. *mf And the

A tempo $q=50$
poco rit.

girl you thought was your future remains secret. your past _pp

Contrabass
(Lights back up on Millie and Laura.)

Laura: It's just not fair not to tell Rob that the man he thinks is my long-lost love is his long-lost love.

Piano: Tempo primo $q=50$

Violin 1
Viola
Violoncello
Contrabass

It's just not fair not to tell Rob that the man he thinks is my long-lost love is his long-lost love.
Scene 5: "The Alan Brady Show" Staff Writer/s Room/Petrie home, later than day--
Split stage (Sally, Buddy, Rob, Laura, Millie, Mel)

SALLY (Looking into a hand-mirror): Why you’re not married yet I’ll never understand. You’re gorgeous!
BUDDY: Listen to this one: Alan says, “You know folks, today those foreign cars are so small, I
put out my hand to turn a corner, and one of them ran up my sleeve!”
SALLY: That's good.
ROB (Distracted): Sure, sure, put it in.
BUDDY: Hey, Rob, you seem awful serious for a comedy writer. Gonna tell us what it is or is it
going to be a staring contest?
ROB: Turns out Joe Coogan is Laura’s old flame and he used to write her stacks of love sonnets.
I think he may still be carrying a torch for her.
SALLY: Who's Joe Coogan?
(ROB's phone rings. Lights up on LAURA on phone, MILLIE leaning in to listen.)
ROB: Hello.
LAURA: Hi, darling. Guess what? I invited Joe Coogan to have dinner with us tonight.
ROB: (Incredulously) What did you say?
LAURA: I said, I invited Joe Coogan to have dinner with us tonight.
ROB: Laura, where did you happen to meet Joe Coogan?
LAURA: Well, at the golf course...
ROB: At the golf course!
LAURA: Yeah...
ROB: You went out there with the hope of bumping into him, didn't ya?
LAURA: Rob, I must say, you're being very un...un...
ROB: Un-what?
LAURA: Well, un-something! And I object to your tone!
ROB: You're gonna hear a dial tone in a minute because I'm gonna hang up!
LAURA: Well, Rob, why are you so angry?
ROB: I'm not angry!
LAURA: But I can't call it off now, Rob. You will be home, won't you...?
ROB (Tensely): Oh, I'll be home!
LAURA: Good. Well, Rob, darling, if you're not angry, why are you going to... (click) hang up?
MILLIE: You, uh, didn't tell Rob that Joe's a priest.
LAURA: Well, he didn't give me a chance to. Anyway, I'm glad. Now he'll see how foolish he is
to act the way he just did.
ROB: I'm not angry! I'm scared, that's all.
This isn't something for which I was prepared, that's all.
I didn't worry when I met Phil Cabot or Jim Darling...so why am I worried now?
What's so different about Joe? Well, nothing. Well, everything.
He's serious, thoughtful, funny too. And tall.
Charming, a good athlete, just too many good things about him, that's all.
And...love sonnets? It's just not my style. I mean, if it were "love jokes," I'd win that one hands down.

Recitativo

\[I\text{don't mean to sound im}\text{-mod-est, but when it comes to act-}ing\text{ odd-est, I'm your} \]

\[\text{Rob} \]

\[\text{Violin 1} \]

\[\text{Violin 2} \]

\[\text{Viola} \]

\[\text{Violoncello} \]
Rob

Guy! But as for romancing, I don't know. I was never one to gush if I had a crush. I'd get yawns or just "No go." But now who turns up? Joe! If

Piano

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass
Rob, don't be pathetic, that's not your aesthetic. Hey, ta write a sonnet!
Wouldn't go too well.

It probably wouldn't go too well.

A poet has to cast a spell to set his
To get the girl.

could be a hit, man, writing lines like Whitman. Or

To get the girl.

To get the girl.
No! Whit__ man had a shag__ y beard. And By-ron,

I'd be insp-rin', if__ I rhymed like By-ron.
he was weird. Oh Rob, be fun-ny. 

You've always been a guy with heart.

he was weird. Com-e-dy pays mo-ney. You've al-ways been a guy with heart.
But poetry's a different art.

Don't worry, Rob, 'cause a guy with heart!

A different art.
If comedy still thrills, ya don't need other skills. A son-
Alto Saxophone

Trumpet in C

Tenor Trombone

Drum Set

Sally

Buddy

Rob

Piano

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass

Got to make 'em laugh more. That's what we're on net's stimulating...

But it can kill a rating.
Alto Saxophone

Trumpet in C

Tenor Trombone

Drum Set

Sally

Buddy

Rob

Piano

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass

staff for. Sonnets would be shady

So you'll stick to laugh ta?

staff for. Sonnets would be shady

f for a guy like Brady.

Yeah,
Alto Saxophone
Trumpet in C
Tenor Trombone
Drum Set
Sally
You have ta!
Buddy
f You have ta!
Rob
I guess I have ta!
Piano
Violin 1
p
Violin 2
p
Viola
p
Violoncello
p
Contrabass
Sonnet.

No! He won't write a sonnet!

Don't write a sonnet.

No! He won't write a sonnet!

I won't write a sonnet.

No! I won't write a sonnet!
BUDDY: Stewart Peck!

SALLY: Hey, that ain't too bad. What's his name again?

ROB: He's like a cross between Gregory Peck and Stewart Granger.

SALLY: Hey, he's that good-looking? What's he like?

ROB: No...Well...Yeah! How 'bout it?

SALLY: Oh, I don't know whether I like that role or not.

BUDDY: Oh, you'd love it, Sal; he's the best-looking phantom poet you ever saw. Makes Zorro look like a zero.

SALLY: Hey, he's that good-looking? What's he like?

ROB: He's like a cross between Gregory Peck and Stewart Granger.

SALLY: Hey, that ain't too bad. What's his name again?

BUDDY: Stewart Peck!
Meno mosso, dreamily

\begin{align*}
&125\quad \text{f} \\
&\text{Drum Set} \\
&\text{Sally} \\
&\text{if that perfect stranger turns out to be the perfect one?}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{Piano} \\
&\text{Violin 1} \\
&\text{Violin 2} \\
&\text{Viola} \\
&\text{Violoncello} \\
&\text{Contrabass}
\end{align*}

ROB: Aw, come on, folks. His name is Joe Coogan and you don’t have to just sit there between he and Laura, either.
SALLY: Oh, you mean maybe I can, uh, flirt a little bit?
ROB: No, a lot.
SALLY: Rob, you’ve got a vengeful streak in you I’ve never noticed before.
ROB: It’s been in there for years; I just keep it under control, that’s all.
SALLY: Well, I don’t know. With all the fish in the ocean, I don’t like to try to hook one that got away from Laura.
BUDDY: Well, don’t wait too long. I had an aunt who waited so long for her ship to come in, her pier collapsed.

(Lights lower on ROB and BUDDY.)

\begin{align*}
&\text{Andante triste} \quad \text{N} \\
&\text{Sally} \\
&\text{Yeah, yeah, Bud dy___ you keep jo-kin’__ Laugh on up the block. No mat-ter how much fun}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{Violin 1} \\
&\text{Violin 2} \\
&\text{Viola} \\
&\text{Violoncello} \\
&\text{Contrabass}
\end{align*}
Violin 2
Viola
Violoncello
Drum Set
Marimba
Viola
Violin 1
Violoncello
Violin 2

Sally
Fun-ny Sal-ly, If you need some jokes or laugh-ter, I'm your gal. Fun-ny Sal! Fun-ny Sal-ly, fun-ny Sal, but...
Sally
Be-ing lone-ly's not so fun-ny. Be-ing lone-ly's not so fun-ny. But
Sally

Più mosso e rubato
Sally

May-be as the night gets late, this could be a mem-or-a-ble date, the fin-ish of a long, long wait... For
poco rit.

Alto Saxophone

Sally

if this fel-la's ev'-ry thing they say mp he is, I've got a feel-ing I will like the way he is. So I'll go! You ne-ver

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass

poco rit.

158

Alto Saxophone

Tenor Trombone

Sally

know. Let's see. Could be I'm made for him and he for me. And ev'-ry one knows that

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass
(Lights up on ROB and BUDDY.)

ROB: Look, Sal, it isn’t only out of vindictiveness I want you to come. I think you and Joe Coogan might make a nice couple.
SALLY: Okay, good. Then I’ll go.
ROB: Great!
SALLY: (to Rob and Buddy): Now, let’s see. What dress shall I wear; shall I wear my velvet sheathe with the slit on the side, or should I wear my lace neck with the low V?
BUDDY: Why don’t you wear the top of the one and the bottom of the other?
(MEL enters.)
MEL: What's going on here? As the producer of this show, it is my responsibility to see that tonight’s script is in Alan Brady’s hands by six.
BUDDY: Great, just in time for us to bounce some ideas off your head. Or just bounce your head.
MEL: Ha, ha, very funny. You know, you should write for comedy some day.
SALLY: Hey, hey! Let’s get to work here. I have an important date tonight.
ROB: And I need to get home before Mr. Sonnets-in-a-Shoebox.
BUDDY: And I—I don’t know; I’m so tired I can’t even think of another good baldy joke.
MEL: Now, now, we are all staying here till we're done. We must never allow our personal pleasures to interfere with our work.
BUDDY: Yeah, that's why I work for you.
SALLY: All right, let’s get this done so we can get our own shows on the road.
You know? I wanna get home while it's still light, boys; got ta get rea dy for to night, boys. Almost got the
Say, I wonder what my wife is thinking. I want to hear those clicking keys, please.
Well, it's been a really long day, team. Let's get going, folks. Make ol' Mel burning for dinner?

(Sally nods as if to say, "Not bad," and types, smiling mischievously.)
say, "Yay, team!" Let's write these jokes. Ya know? I wanna get home and hit the hay, team.

Hey, team! Let's write some jokes. I want to
Wanna get home; is that okay, team? Let's wrap up this show.

Hear those clicking keys, please.
(Mel leans over Sally and the typewriter. Buddy leans over the back of Mel’s head.)

Mel: You know, you would look great in ear-to-ear carpeting!

Buddy: I’m watching it. Must be why I’ve got a sudden craving for honeydew melon.

Mel: Watch it, Bud-dy.
“Hon-ey-dew mel-on.” I need to go home!

Got ta be head-ing on towards home, folks. Let’s wrap up the show. Can’t leave Lau-ra

(Sally pulls the page out of the typewriter with a flourish and puts it on the script pile; puts in another page as ROB sings.)
all alone, folks, with that guy Joe. Ya know? I got to get home before that Joe, folks. Yeah, I really...
Alto Saxophone
Trumpet in C
Buddy
Rob
Piano
Violin 1
Violin 2
Viola
Violoncello
Contrabass

You know how Mel first realized he was going bald?

Better go, folks. Have we got a show?

Sally
Buddy
Mel
Piano
Violin 2
Viola
Violoncello
Contrabass

Rob

Would you kindly tell this

(Rob laughs. Sally nods and types.)

A near-sighted ostrich jumped on his head and tried to hatch him.

(to Rob)
I don't come here to get insulted.

"I can travel." Speaking of traveling,

Oh, where do you go to get insulted? I can travel.
Sally

so can I.  (Sally stands, picks up script, gives it to ROB.)

(Heads to the door.)

Rob

That's terr-if. ic.  Thank you, Sal-ly.

121
Come on, guys. I have to go. So I'm going too.

Hold on, no one goes anywhere till we're done.
Alto Saxophone
Trumpet in C
Marimba
Sally
Buddy
Rob
Piano
Typewriter
Violin 2
Viola
Violoncello
Contrabass

I'll teach Mel to type so he can write the show.

(to Mel)
Mel, you've got type the show? Mel, you've got

Buddy, cut it out, and Sally, you can't go.
Your show. We've got to go.

Your show. We've got to go.

No, no!

Rob, get serious, I can't type a show.
Tenor Trombone

Sally

Mel

Piano

Violin 1

Violin 2

Viola

Contrabass

f (pizz.)

No, no. Got ta get ready to

Come on, come on, let's sit tight, folks. Got ta be sure we've got it right, folks.
Tenor Trombone

Alto Saxophone

Trumpet in C

Violoncello

Contrabass

Marimba

Violin 2

Violin 1

Buddy

Piano

Viola

Sally

Rob

She grabs her coat and leaves.

meet my date, Mel.

Oh, here's your chance to co-create, Mel. And enjoy the

Got to be home or it's too late, Mel.

Mel.
Buddy gives the script to Mel, grabs his coat and exits.

show, 'cause I'm gonna go!
Scene 6: Rob and Laura's Living Room at dinnertime, the same day

(Laura, Joe, Rob, Sally)

(Doorbell rings; Laura lets Joe in.)

LAURA: Hello, Joe!
JOE: Hi, Laura. Am I early?
LAURA: Yes, I mean no. Actually, my husband's a little late. Well, come on in and sit down, please.
JOE: (Sitting) Thank you. It's a lovely house you have.
LAURA (Nervously chatty): Oh! Thank you, thank you. My husband should be home soon. He writes for television, you know.
JOE: No, I didn't.
LAURA: Oh, didn't he tell you?
JOE: Well, you didn't. I haven't met him, remember?
LAURA: Oh! Well, actually, you have met.
JOE: We have?
LAURA: Yeah, You see, my husband was the...(Buzz from kitchen.) Oh, it's the oven. I have some hors d'oeuvres heating. I hope you're hungry!
JOE: Yeah, I came home! (As he stands up, his clerical collar comes right to Rob's eye level. Rob reacts.)
ROB: Well, I didn't mean, I didn't mean, you were an old duffer, Faffer, Father, Father Duffer, I mean, Father Duffy. (laughs uncomfortably)
JOE: You're a sly rascal, Rob, having your wife invite me to dinner! (ROB laughs uncomfortably. LAURA enters.)

(Alto Saxophone)

\[\text{Allegretto}\]
\[q=80\]

(Trumpet in C)

(Vibraphone)

Laura

\(p\) Oh, Rob! You came home! I see you two have met!

Rob

\(p\) Yeah, I came home! I see we have! Ho, ho.

Joe

\(p\) You know at the club-house, this

Violin 1

\(p\)

Violin 2

\(p\)

Viola

\(p\)

(pizz.)

Violoncello

\(p\)

(pizz.)

Contrabass

(pizz.)
husband of yours let me go on and on about you and never once told me I was talking about his

Well, yeah, I get really embarrassed. You know, I didn't know you were a...

wife!
Oh, ho, ho, ho, was I surprised...
Oh, honey, speaking of surprises,
told you?

No, no... but I'm glad you are! Ho, ho.
That's right, you didn't, did you?
So am I. And were you surprised when Laura...
I invited Salley over for dinner! I wanted her to meet Father Cogan.
Rob, where is she?

She followed me in her car. Should be here in about a minute. I’ll set another

Gee, Darling, I sure wish you’d told me Sally was coming!

I wish you’d tell me
You didn't tell me Sally was coming!

something once in a while!

What about what you didn't tell

How
I'll try to stop her before she gets in the door.

nice to be back in touch.

me?
Oh, Rob! How could you? Oh, Rob! How
Well, ho - ho - ho, wait 'll you meet
joyed meeting your friends so far!
I've enjoyed meeting your friends so far!
comes your leading lady! Where is this tall, good-looking"
PRIEST: You wanted me to meet?

Well, I'm the only priest here. So I

p

PRIEST: Well, Sally Rogers.

Rob: Well, uh, Sally, I'd like you to meet Father Coogan. And Father Coogan, I'd like you to meet, uh, Sally Rogers.

pizz. p

pizz. p

pizz. p

pizz. p
How do you do, Father.

Sally, can I take your coat?

No, no. I'll...Always nice to meet one of the flock.

Sally's very religious.
Alto Sax.

Sally

Some one slipped up a little this time. How can I flirt with this Joe?

Rob

Sorry, Sally, I just didn’t know!

Pno.

Vln. 1

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

71

G

76

Alto Sax.
Who did Rob think he was going to impress?

And there I was, carefully choosing my warm, wine can solve any mess.
Oh, Father Joe...

dress...

I'm sure the evening will be a success.

mf
How un-com-fortable!

Oh, Father Joe... He didn’t know!

How em-barr-ass-ing!

I didn’t know!

How ri-di-cu-lous!

I didn’t know!

How un-com-fortable!

Oh, Father Joe... He didn’t know!
Yes, Father, a toast.

A toast!

Yes, please.

A toast!

How 'bout a toast?

To Rob and Laura Petrie, a long and happy
Alto Sax.  
C Tpt.  
Tbn.  
Sally  
Rob  
Joe  
Vln. 1  
Vln. 2  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Cb.  

Alto Sax.  
C Tpt.  
Tbn.  
Sally  
Rob  
Joe  
Vln. 1  
Vln. 2  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Cb.  

Can I take your life.  And to lovely Sally Rogers. May the next blind date be more your type.  

Amen! I mean, I'll drink to that!
Alto Sax.

C Tpt.

Dr.

Sally

Rob

Pno.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

A tempo (Allegro)

$q = 140$

I'll keep it on. Thank you so much, but I'll keep it on. No flirting here, so I'll coat now? I'm sorry, Sal, no flirting here, so please

A tempo (Allegro)

$pizz.\ arco\ pizz.\ arco\ pizz.\ arco$
real-ly.
The coat!
ff She'll keep it

But.. the coat!
ff I'll keep it

The coat!
ff She'll keep it

The coat?
ff She'll keep it
Scene 7: Rob and Laura's Living Room, late that evening

*(Laura, Rob)*

(After the party, Rob and Laura are alone, cleaning up.)

**ROB:** Honey, I thought it was a lovely evening.
**LAURA:** I know.
**ROB:** Why aren’t you happier about it, then?
**LAURA:** I’m happy.

**ROB:** You’re still mad at me for being jealous?
**LAURA:** Rob, I’d really rather not talk about it.

**ROB:** till you tell me.
**LAURA:** You really want to know?
**ROB:** Yeah, I really want to know!
**LAURA:** All right. This is what’s bothering me. (Shows him the shoebox.)
**ROB:** Oh, what to do with the sonnets, uh?
**LAURA:** No, the sonnets themselves. I read them over last night and I’ve been thinking about ’em all evening.
**ROB:** And?
**LAURA:** Rob, I’d really rather not talk about it.

**ROB:** You want me to read one?
**LAURA:** Yeah, read.
**ROB:** Okay. (Cleary throat)

**ROB:** till you tell me.
**LAURA:** You really want to know?
**ROB:** Yeah, I really want to know!
**LAURA:** All right. This is what’s bothering me. (Shows him the shoebox.)
**ROB:** Oh, what to do with the sonnets, uh?
**LAURA:** No, the sonnets themselves. I read them over last night and I’ve been thinking about ’em all evening.
**ROB:** And?
**LAURA:** And… well, read one and see.
**ROB:** You want me to read one?
**LAURA:** Yeah, read.
**ROB:** Okay. (Cleary throat)
The things men seek in vain or to good end Seem only

emp tiness and va ni ty; In stead I choose to have you by my side, My ins pi ra tion and my guide.
longest night, whatever sorrow life might bring."

That's
Yes, it's beautiful, and I feel so silly. I, like an idiot, thought he meant beautiful, honey!
Alto Sax.
C Tpt.
Tbn.
Vib.
Pno.
Laura
Rob
Vln. 1
Vln. 2
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

Ad lib. e rubato
pocò rit.

f
Well, who did he mean?

God?

God.
Laura: telling me in these sonnets that he was planning to dedicate his life to God.

Rob: Honey, I think you're right.

Well, you don't have to feel so bad about it. Look at it this way— you lost out to a better man!
Alto Sax.
Pno.
Laura
Rob
Vln. 1
Vln. 2
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

You’ll be the love-ly light that ev’ry thing I love.
You will be my winter and my spring.
Alto Sax.

C Tpt.

Tbn.

Vib.

Pno.

Laura

Rob

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

fp

open

mp

fp

open

mp

fp

mf

f

mf

p

f

p

fp

mf

fp

fp

mf

f

p

fp

mf

fp

mf

shines above.

In moon light's glow and in the sun's bright

In moon light's glow and in the sun's bright

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

Ch.
You'll be rays, the sun's bright rays,
there and e·very·where, you'll be there
e·very·where, you'll be there and
e·very·where, you'll be there and
e·very·where, you'll be there and
Laura

where I gaze.

Rob

where I gaze.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla

Vc

Cb

switch to xylophone

xylophone (curtain)

p"